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BOOKS, FINE ARTS, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, AND FASHIONS.

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Spectator of Books.

BOOK MAKERS AND MONOPOLISTS.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—Paris and its Historical Scenes. Vol. 2. Charles Knight.

It is somewhat more than three years since first the prospectus of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" was issued to the public, professing the very laudable design of collecting and distributing instruction amongst the people in a cheap and popular form. This prospectus was received with welcome and applause commensurate with the apparent utility and liberality of its views, and the noblemen and gentlemen whose names appeared in the list of the acting committee, hailed as the most enlightened and patriotic junta that ever adorned the annals of science. Every one expected that now indeed "the schoolmaster" had gone "abroad" to some good purpose, and returned with an "enlarged benevolence of soul," and an extension of goodwill towards the intellects and interests of mankind; that Science would condescend to make herself intelligible to the general run of intellectual beings; and that her book of knowledge would no longer be, like the freemason's secret, a sealed book to all but the initiated.

Then followed the Introductory Essay on the "Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science," from the pen of Henry Brougham, which only tended to strengthen this good opinion;—it was read with avidity, with delight; and while it obtained the universal applause of all men of talent and science, it set thousands thinking about such matters who had never cast a thought that way before. The very school-boy began to find that learning need not of necessity be dry and stupid, and that a learned man might also be a cheerful and an entertaining one; the mechanic first began to inquire into the nature and reason of the various operations he performed;—the admirer of nature condescended to observe the works of mortal hands; and the skilful artificer first opened his eyes to admire the wonderful mechanism of the natural system. All were on the *qui vive* for the next sixpenny pamphlet, and the "society" was looked upon as the oracle of all that was good, and perfect, and disinterested.

Yet how were they all disappointed when the next fortnight brought them a little book most mysteriously entitled "Hydraulics," an individual whose name they had never heard of before, and their ignorance of whose nature and qualifications was to receive but little enlightenment from the contents of the book itself, whose flow and current was far beyond their depth. This was followed by "Hydrostatics," a cousin-german of the former gentleman; but here again they were out of their element. "Pneumatics" now appeared,—but in vain it boasted of "vacuums" and "forcing-pumps," and threatened "piston-rods,"—nothing could drive the learned lore through the thick skulls of the *un-intuitive* readers. "Mechanics" now came, but sadly out of order, and the mechanical classes, for the first time, learned to puzzle themselves with what they had always considered the simplest operations under the sun;—"Geography" found them in the land of doubt; "Astronomy" forsook them in the clouds; "Optics" failed to throw a light upon the subject, and "Algebra" left the "unknown quantities" as it found them. To speak briefly and plainly, the public expectation was disappointed; they had looked for a friend who should supply them with "food for the mind," in a plain, wholesome, and digestible shape, and they found a heedless (not *headless*?) caterer, who crammed them with forced-meat balls, of whose hard and complicated manufacture they could understand nothing. These treatises were too technical and matter-of-fact to be of any service to the uninstructed, while the proficient found fault with their arrangement and composition when he sought to adopt them as mere books of formulæ and reference.

But if the reading public were dissatisfied at the proceedings of this society, there was another class no less sorely disappointed. The less wealthy portion of the scientific and literary world, devotees to art and literature, who had fallen into that most paradoxical state of being, styled "living by their wits;" and who had fondly flattered themselves that from the committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge their talents would receive encouragement and remuneration;—these were sadly disappointed. Whilst others again, who had fancied that the profits, (which must be considerable) of these publications would have been liberally bestowed in

bounties and pensions upon disabled talent, and the widows and orphans of men of genius and erudition, found that they had also miscalculated the intentions of the society, under whose "superintendence" the world was now to be enlightened. What then has become of all the profits accruing from these and the other publications of this society; and what higher claim have they upon the public respect, than as a mere joint-stock jobbing company of literary monopolists? Do they encourage or reward merit? Do they give employment to talent which had otherwise lain dormant in obscurity? As to the latter quære, assuredly—yes;—for, under their own mutual auspices, men rose into the importance of teachers who had hardly been complimented with the common qualifications for learners, and awoke, on the morning of publication, the authors of scientific treatises, with no more substantial excuse for their temerity than the golden profits with which their labours had been rewarded. Thus it has happened that very many sixpenny or shilling pamphlets have been issued to the world, with no other recommendation from their publishers, than "the superintendence of the society," &c., for whose sanction they doubtless make a tolerable consideration.

The volume now before us is charged at four shillings and sixpence;—it comprises a narrative of the late French revolution in three hundred and twenty-nine moderate-sized pages, compiled at random from all the newspapers and pamphlets with which the town has been inundated ever since "*la grande semaine*," embellished with twelve very commonplace copper-plate engravings, and eighteen miserable little wood-cuts of a similar stamp to those usually retailed to good little boys along with lollypops and gingerbread, in sheets of fifty each for a halfpenny;—all "under the superintendence" of a learned "society," comprising a Lord High Chancellor, a Right Honourable Paymaster-General, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a President of the Board of Trade, a Hydrographer to the Admiralty, a Bishop, an Attorney General, and a Secretary to the Treasury;—together with several M. P.'s, and a host of Doctors, F.R.S.'s, F.A.S.'s, and all the other *literal* honours, from A to double S, and Z. It is high time that the eyes of the public should be opened to this system of book-making quackery;

and that the noblemen and gentlemen whose names are thus bandied about should be made aware of the undue advantage which is taken of their patronage and favour. From individual experience we can assert that this volume is not "entertaining knowledge;" whether it be "useful" at the present excited moment (to any other than the publisher) we very much doubt.

What will our readers think of the following verbose argument to prove the simple and well-accredited fact, that a nation having once driven away their sovereign, must be a long time before they can be reconciled to him on his being again forced upon them?—We take it from page 2 and 3:—

"The examples of England and of France seem to authorize us in receiving it almost as a proverb in politics, that Freedom and a Restoration cannot live together. All the natural feelings, both of the sovereign and of the nation, tend to engender jealousies adverse to their cordial union. Allow even that the real intentions of both parties are fair and moderate, their suspicions of each other must of necessity alienate and divide them. On both sides there is the haunting memory of what once was, continually holding up the picture of what may again be. The monarch sees in his people the same power, exhausted, or asleep, or in some way or other tranquillized, perhaps, for the moment, but in no respect essentially weakened or disarmed, which formerly rose against him or his race, triumphed over them, trampled on all their pretensions, and cast them forth to what was bitterly pronounced, and at the time not less firmly intended, to be an exile from which there should be no return. Is he to suppose that, having accomplished his return, in the face of this unforgotten, perhaps unabrogated edict of eternal exclusion, and after that victory which taught his subjects their strength, he will find all disaffection and hostility changed into loyalty and submission, all desire for the vindication of popular rights extinguished, all pride of national honour dead of the wound which the restoration has inflicted?—The people, on the other hand, behold in him, if not the re-animated shape of the very tyranny which they had slain, at least the natural heir of its appetites and its claims, whose ambition and instinct must tend to bring back as speedily as possible the whole of that old system of which so much has already been re-established. They watch, therefore, and fear each other; no spirit of mutual attachment or confidence can grow up between them; on the contrary, the feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness increases every day; every act and expression on the part of the one is construed in the worst sense by the other; till at last both probably begin to entertain in earnest the

designs which had been imputed to them, and to look upon themselves as justified by the right of self-defence in treating each other as enemies with whom no terms are to be kept. Then commences again the old struggle—in all likelihood to end as it did before; and a separation, which this time is for ever, takes place between the ill-matched pair, who had ventured upon the unnatural experiment of renewing their union after having once been divorced."

As a specimen of the style in which the narrative is conducted, we extract the following, relating to the events of Wednesday, the second day:—

"A good deal of fighting is recorded to have occurred beyond the Boulevards in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre and the neighbouring streets. A feeble old man, it is related, with a wooden leg, had by some means or other got possession of a musket which had been taken from one of the soldiers, and was proceeding in great spirits to join the combatants, when he was met by two young citizens, who, reminding him of his age and his infirmities, insisted upon his resigning to them his weapon, which they were likely to use with so much more effect than he could. On his obstinately refusing to part with it, they took it from him by force. The poor old man, says the story, now wrung his hands in the deepest affliction, and would admit of no consolation. Even an offer of pistols which was made to him had no effect in reconciling him to the deprivation of his gun. He went limping away in quest of another such weapon as he had lost. These extraordinary events inspired the weakness of sex as well as that of age with patriotic enthusiasm and manly courage. In the Rue des Martyrs, in this vicinity, an individual, who was armed with a sword and pistols, and fighting gallantly, was discovered to be a female. When those around represented to her the danger to which she exposed herself, and would have had her return home. 'No,' said the heroine, 'I have no children; here is my husband, all whose feelings are mine; I am beside him, and with him, if need be, I will die.' In another of those streets, the Rue du Jour, where a poor fellow had fallen to the ground severely wounded, and lay unheeded by his comrades, all whose thoughts were in the fight, a woman is recorded to have come out of an alley, and, making her way through the bullets which were flying in all directions, to have taken up the man in her arms, and carried him off with her to her house."

We now leave this little volume of "Entertaining Knowledge" for the amusement of the gullible intellects of "society" worshippers.

THE RUSSIAN COURT, &c.

Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden, in the years 1830 and 1831.

By Captain C. C. Frankland, R. N. 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

AFTER a lapse of two or three weeks we recur to a hasty notice of these volumes, the chief recommendation of which are the characteristic sketches and observations, full of variety and originality, in which they abound; the only drawback being the want of due consideration and tact in their arrangement and collating for the public eye,—a vast number of trivial egotisms and fancies being left in, which had better have been omitted, and a general flightiness and self-satisfactoriness of style apparent, which had better have been sobered down. We do not intend to illustrate these our objections by extract, but hasten to the more pleasing task of selecting passages that may amuse our readers, and do no discredit to our gallant author's pen. It should be observed, that he is rather an aristocrat and "things-as-they-are" man, and gives a somewhat flattering picture of the much-vilified emperor and his tyrannical nobles. We take, first, an account of the serfs and their seigneurs, including some notice of the recruiting system, &c.:—

"The seigneur is entitled to three days' labour from his agricultural serfs out of the week; the other three days belong to himself, and more particularly the Sunday, which he is sure to turn to account: the numerous festivals of the Russo-Greek church ensure plenty of idleness to the peasant, who in no case can be overworked."

"As for oppression and cruelty exercised by lords towards their serfs, I do not believe that such a thing can exist in any considerable degree; for the peasant can always lay a complaint before the chief of the police, who would be sure to forward the complaint to the crown. Add to this the jealousy of the elders and starosts, who would infallibly side with the serf against the seigneur in case of anything like an undue exercise of power."

"The starosts are more likely of themselves to abuse power than are the seigneurs, but they would also in their turn be controlled by the elders."

"When the seigneur himself resides upon his estate, and many such there are belonging to Moscow, the condition of the serfs, as compared with that of the peasantry in nations nearer home, is extremely enviable."

"The serfs belonging to a poor proprietor are undoubtedly worse off than those belonging to a richer lord, for they would probably pay a higher obrok."

"The Russian serf is very much attached to his proprietor and to the soil, from which he cannot be alienated without his own consent, except by recruiting for the army and navy."

"The recruiting system is remarkable for its simplicity; it is as follows.

"The crown orders a levy of so many recruits upon every two hundred serfs, and the ukaz is despatched by the proper authorities to the great seigneurs, who in their turn forward a copy of it to their starosts.

"These men assemble the peasants of their respective starosties, and inform them of the orders of the czar; the youth then draw lots, and upon whomsoever the fatal lot devolves, he becomes from that moment the property of the crown.

"The poor fellow is entered for twenty-five years into the army. He takes leave of all his friends, of all his family, of his native village, and is mourned for as one gone down to the grave. He is marched almost heart-broken to the nearest depôt, with a sum of sixty roubles (collected by the starost from the other villagers,) in his pocket, to pay for his arms and uniform clothing. Alas! he never expects again to see his native village, his wife, his child, or perhaps his aged parents, or the dear mistress of his heart, (for he has a heart, and one as susceptible of the softer feelings as yours or mine.) He marches, as I said before, broken-hearted, to the depôt, where he is stripped of his sheep-skins, his thick and long boots, his Turkish-looking shalwas or trowsers; his shock head of hair is shorn close to the crown, leaving but one little lock on the forehead; he is buttoned up in a tight green uniform with a black leather stock to keep up his head, and he is again marched off in company with hundreds of others to join his regiment in Georgia, in Circassia, in Siberia, in Poland, or in Finland, from the frozen shores of the Polar Seas, to the pestiferous plains of Asia Minor, or the blood-stained banks of the Vistula.

"Nevertheless, he soon acquires a taste for a military life; he is docile, he is ingenious, he is an artisan by nature, he is a fatalist, and he soon reconciles himself to his change of state; and the rough-looking savage mujick, in the course of six months, becomes the fine-looking model of a soldier.

"Anything can be done with such a people as this. I have often been told by Russian officers, both of the navy and army, that when recruits join their ship or their regiment, they are told by their respective officers what they are to be, without any reference to their previous habits. 'Thou wilt be a tailor,' 'Thou a shoemaker,' 'Thou a grenadier,' 'Thou a musician,' 'Thou a cordwainer,' 'Thou a smith,' 'Thou a painter,' 'Thou a sculptor,' and as if there were magic in the sound, the man is metamorphosed according to the desire of the officer.

"All this reminds me of the Turks,

to whom certainly this people bears a great resemblance.

"When Allah finds the place," says the Turk, 'he will find also the talents necessary to fill it.' With them, as with the Russians, and with *certain ex-ministers of a certain ex-ministry*, the places are fitted to the men, and not the men to the places."

Assembly rooms of the nobility:—

"May 14-26.—At eleven o'clock I drove to the assembly-rooms of the nobility; the great dancing-room reminded me of the white hall in the Winter Palace of Petersburg. Its walls are covered with white scagliola, and its alcoved ceiling is supported by a splendid colonnade of Corinthian pillars, likewise of white scagliola. It is fifteen sagènes high by eight broad, (i. e. one hundred and five high, fifty-six broad.) The effect of the columns is a good deal spoilt by a gallery and balustrade, which runs all round behind it, two-thirds up the columns.

"Catharine II. founded this establishment, and it has always continued to boast of the sovereign as a member of it. The number of subscribers is one thousand and twenty-four. In order to belong to this assembly, it is necessary to be of gentle blood, (i. e. noble.) The gentlemen pay fifty roubles yearly; the married ladies twenty-five, spinnies ten, (this is very considerate.) There are no balls at present; they finish the first Tuesday of May, and recommence the first Tuesday in October.

"At present the rooms are occupied by an exposition of national manufactures, which is to be open to the public on Saturday next. I had no business here, having no order for admission. However, I knew nothing of this, (having come here merely to see the rooms,) until I was going away, when one of the directors of the exposition questioned my servant upon the subject, who pleaded ignorance, which was in fact the truth, for he imagined that this was a sale to take place on Saturday. Most of the articles were covered up to-day, not being yet ready for inspection. I saw, however, some beautiful specimens of velvets and cloth of gold; likewise some agricultural and *manufactural* machines. I was much amused with Francesco's Italian ignorance of machinery; he took one of the cotton spinning-jeannies for an organ! 'Ecco un bel organo, signore!' said he."

A theatrical fracas, with an instance of the clemency of Nicolas:—

"In the year 1826 or 1827, I am not sure which, a sort of theatrical row took place here, which was followed by disagreeable—nay, serious consequences, but which served to show the independent feeling of the Muscovite noblesse, and the generosity of the Emperor Nicolas.

"The circumstances were briefly these: A benefit had been announced for a cer-

tain favourite French actress, but, owing to the jealousy of the wife of the intendant of theatres, the benefit did not take place as intended.

"When the curtain drew up, and another play was commenced, the audience, who were not instructed of the change in the managerial arrangements, headed by Counts O—f, P—n, and some other men of high rank and influence; exasperated at their disappointment, began to hiss and shout, and beat the floors with their walking canes; in short, a regular fracas ensued. In vain the manager apologised; he was not listened to for a moment. The police master who was present, made his notes of what occurred, and as it is forbidden in Russia to hiss or hoot, or to express *dissatisfaction* in the theatres, he, who might have had perhaps his private motives for what he did, sent away a special messenger to the emperor, giving a most exaggerated account of what had happened, and in short a political colouring to a mere theatrical row.

"The emperor, who had not yet forgotten the conspiracy of the year 1825, immediately despatched a field yäger down to Moscow, with orders to place Counts O—f and P—n, and the other two principal offenders, under arrest in different guard-houses for fifteen days.

"The imperial mandate was obeyed; the gentlemen went to their prisons; but as the order was limited to their mere arrest, the officers commanding the guards freely admitted all the friends of their distinguished prisoners, who passed their fifteen days of confinement in one perpetual scene of hilarity and enjoyment.

"Never was such a sensation produced by such a circumstance in Russia. The prisoners were at the height of popularity; the people were in a ferment, and openly murmured against the emperor and the court; the police master was in danger of lapidation whenever he appeared in public.

"All this reached the emperor's ears; he went quickly down to Moscow, sent immediately for the offending persons, told them that he had been deceived by false reports, that he regretted what he had hastily done, and that he asked their forgiveness; adding that he had been disabused, and had punished the police master by dismissing him from his office; and by nominating in his stead one of the most virtuous individuals of Moscow, he hoped to avoid a similar error in future.

"I believe that those distinguished men have freely and truly forgiven the emperor for the involuntary wrong he had done them, and that they all stand very high in the imperial favour at this moment.

"Happy the prince who, having done wrong, is magnanimous enough to acknowledge and atone for his errors; and who, having wounded the feelings of

meritorious and distinguished subjects, can find the means of healing the sores inflicted by the hand of arbitrary power upon minds sufficiently generous to forgive and forget their sufferings."

Signor Morini, the music master, his pupils, and his troubles:—

"May 31. (June 12.) Rain and gloom, and cold. Il Signor Morini, Maestro di Capella, called to beg me to sing to him. He was at the Chérémietieffs' on Thursday last. He amused me very much by his description of the impatience of many of the Russian nobles who had engaged him to teach their daughters to sing.

"Je veux, M. Morini, qu'elle apprenne à chanter, mais à chanter bien, à tout déchiffrer, enfin à chanter à livre ouvert; but before a month had elapsed, and when they found that Mademoiselle was still at the gamma, the 'do re mi fa so la si,' they would get tired of the *principes*, and insist that Mademoiselle should learn some *grand morceau du grand théâtre*, to sing at the fête of Madame sa Mère, or M. son Oncle. In short, they wished to do impossibilities in the least possible time—to reap and sow in the same day.

"M. Morini was once upon a time employed by the director of the Italian Opera, as singing-master for the *corps d'opera*. Among the rest of the singers was a pretty little girl of great talent, a foundling; but who was to be ready at all hazards by a certain day, to sing a principal part in a particular opera. This pretty little girl was not only a singer but a figurante in the ballet; and was chosen, from her light airy form, frequently to perform the part of a flying Cupid or Zephyr, upon which occasions she would be slung round the waist, and by one foot, and carried by a wire, suspended horizontally, across the stage. This rough sort of treatment, by injuring the chest, interfered with the *soffeggio* of the artist; she complained of pain in her chest, and back, and loins, and could not sing well enough to please the Signor Maestro.

"Away went he therefore to his excellency Prince ———, director-general of the theatres. 'Eccellenza,' said il Maestro, 'la mia Cantatrice non può e cantare e ballare e volare di questo modo; è pure impossibile; Cantatrice non può esser ballatrice. Noi altri Italiani abbiamo un proverbio che dice che il canto e la danza son il diavolo e l'acqua santa.' 'D—n your proverbs,' said his excellency; 'in Russia nothing is impossible!' Morini resigned his office, and the Italian opera, with its Cantatrice, Ballatrice, Figurante e Volante, all went to the devil."

The devil they did!—"To the devil" then, (to use Captain Frankland's elegantly abrupt turn of phrase,) must this article also go, for our columns wait for copy!

THE PRIEST'S STORY.

Legends and Stories of Ireland. By Samuel Lover, R. H. A. Second Edition. Dublin. Wakeman.

THIS is an amusing collection of tales, both grave and gay, fanciful and "founded upon fact." They are told in a truly characteristic style, most of them being given "in the manner of the peasantry," by whom they are in constant course of telling, certain peculiarities of nomenclature and dialect being conspicuously apparent, which might prove a bar to the pleasurable perusal of some of our thorough-bred John Bulls. There are some curious remarks on this subject, however, and a glossary, prefixed by the author, which may in part obviate the difficulty; nevertheless, in making choice of an extract for our columns, we shall take one which is least burthened in this way, and that is a serious tale, of lively and deadly interest, which we find under the above title, and runs as follows:—

"I have already made known unto you, that a younger brother and myself were left to the care of my mother—best and dearest of mothers!" said the holy man, sighing deeply, and clasping his hands fervently, while his eyes were lifted to heaven, as if love made him conscious that the spirit of her he lamented had found its eternal rest there—"thy gentle and affectionate nature sunk under the bitter trial that an all-wise Providence was pleased to visit thee with!—Well, sir, Frank was my mother's darling; not that you are to understand, by so saying, that she was of that weak and capricious tone of mind which lavished its care upon one at the expense of others—far from it: never was a deep store of maternal love more equally shared, than among the four brothers; but when the two seniors went away, and I was some time after sent, for my studies, to St. Omer, Frank became the object upon which all the tenderness of her affectionate heart might exercise the little maternal cares, that hitherto had been divided amongst many. Indeed, my dear Frank deserved it all: his was the gentlest of natures, combined with a mind of singular strength and brilliant imagination. In short, as the phrase has it, he was the 'flower of the flock,' and great things were expected from him. It was some time after my return from St. Omer, while preparations were making for advancing Frank in the pursuit which had been selected as the business of his life, that every hour which drew nearer to the moment of his departure made him dearer, not only to us, but to all who knew him, and each friend claimed a day that Frank should spend with him, which always passed in recalling the happy hours they had already spent together, in assurances given and received of kindly remembrances that still should be cherished,

and in mutual wishes for success, with many a hearty prophecy from my poor Frank's friends, 'that he would one day be a great man.'

"One night, as my mother and myself were sitting at home beside the fire, expecting Frank's return from one of these parties, my mother said, in an unusually anxious tone, 'I wish Frank was come home.'"

"What makes you think of his return so soon?" said I.

"I don't know," said she; 'but somehow, I'm uneasy about him.'

"Oh, make yourself quiet," said I, 'on that subject; we cannot possibly expect Frank for an hour to come yet.'

"Still my mother could not become calm, and she fidgetted about the room, became busy in doing nothing, and now-and-then would go to the door of the house to listen for the distant tramp of Frank's horse; but Frank came not.

"More than the hour I had named as the probable time of his return, had elapsed, and my mother's anxiety had amounted to a painful pitch; and I began myself to blame my brother for so long and late an absence. Still, I endeavoured to calm her, and had prevailed on her to seat herself again at the fire, and commenced reading a page or two of an amusing book, when, suddenly, she stopped me, and turned her head to the window in the attitude of listening.

"It is! it is!" said she; 'I hear him coming.'

"And now the sound of a horse's feet in a rapid pace became audible. She arose from her chair, and with a deeply-aspirated "Thank God!" went to open the door for him herself. I heard the horse now pass by the window; in a second or two more, the door was opened, and instantly a fearful scream from my mother brought me hastily to her assistance. I found her lying in the hall in a deep swoon—the servants of the house hastily crowded to the spot, and gave her immediate aid. I ran to the door to ascertain the cause of my mother's alarm, and there I saw Frank's horse panting and foaming, and the saddle empty. That my brother had been thrown and badly hurt, was the first thought that suggested itself; and a car and horse were immediately ordered to drive in the direction he had been returning; but, in a few minutes, our fears were excited to the last degree, by discovering there was blood on the saddle.

"We all experienced inconceivable terror at the discovery; but, not to weary you with details, suffice it to say, that we commenced a diligent search, and at length arrived at a small by-way that turned from the main road, and led through a bog, which was the nearest course for my brother to have taken homewards, and we accordingly began to

explore it. I was mounted on the horse my brother had ridden, and the animal snorted violently, and exhibited evident symptoms of dislike to retrace this by-way, that, I doubted not, he had already travelled that night; and this very fact made me still more apprehensive, that some terrible occurrence must have taken place, to occasion such excessive repugnance on the part of the animal. However, I urged him onward, and telling those who accompanied me, to follow with what speed they might, I dashed forward, followed by a faithful dog of poor Frank's. At the termination of about half a mile, the horse became still more impatient of restraint, and started at every ten paces; and the dog began to traverse the little road, giving an occasional yelp, sniffing the air strongly, and lashing his sides with his tail, as if on some scent. At length he came to a stand, and beat about within a very circumscribed space—yelping occasionally, as if to draw my attention. I dismounted immediately, but the horse was so extremely restless, that the difficulty I had in holding him prevented me from observing the road by the light of the lantern which I carried. I perceived, however, it was very much trampled hereabouts, and bore evidence of having been the scene of a struggle, I shouted to the party in the rear, who soon came up and lighted some faggots of bog-wood which they brought with them to assist in our search, and we now more clearly distinguished the marks I have alluded to. The dog still howled, and indicated a particular spot to us; and on one side of the path, upon the stunted grass, we discovered a quantity of fresh blood, and I picked up a pencil-case that I knew had belonged to my murdered brother—for I now was compelled to consider him as such; and an attempt to describe the agonized feelings which at that moment I experienced would be vain. We continued our search for the discovery of his body for many hours without success, and the morning was far advanced before we returned home. How changed a home from the preceding day! My beloved mother could scarcely be roused, for a moment, from a sort of stupor that seized upon her, when the paroxysm of frenzy was over, which the awful catastrophe of the fatal night had produced. If ever heart was broken, her's was. She lingered but a few weeks after the son she adored, and seldom spoke during the period, except to call upon his name.

"But I will not dwell on this painful theme. Suffice it to say—she died; and her death, under such circumstances, increased the sensation which my brother's mysterious murder had excited. Yet, with all the horror which was universally entertained for the crime, and the execrations poured upon its atrocious perpetra-

tor, still, the doer of the deed remained undiscovered; and even I, who of course was the most active in seeking to develop the mystery, not only could catch no clue to lead to the discovery of the murderer, but failed even to ascertain where the mangled remains of my lost brother had been deposited.

"It was nearly a year after the fatal event, that a penitent knelt to me, and confided to the ear of his confessor the misdeeds of an ill-spent life; I say of his whole life—for he had never before knelt at the confessional.

"Fearful was the catalogue of crime that was revealed to me—unbounded selfishness, oppression, revenge, and lawless passion, had held unbridled influence over the unfortunate sinner, and sensuality in all its shapes, even to the polluted home and betrayed maiden, had plunged him deeply into sin.

"I was shocked—I may even say I was disgusted, and the culprit himself seemed to shrink from the recapitulation of his crimes, which he found more extensive and appalling than he had dreamed of, until the recital of them called them all up in fearful array before him. I was about to commence an admonition, when he interrupted me—he had more to communicate. I desired him to proceed—he writhed before me. I enjoined him in the name of the God he had offended, and who knoweth the inmost heart, to make an unreserved disclosure of his crimes, before he dared to seek a reconciliation with his Maker. At length, after many a pause and convulsive sob, he told me, in a voice almost suffocated by terror, that he had been guilty of bloodshed. I shuddered, but in a short time I recovered myself, and asked how and where he had deprived a fellow-creature of life? Never, to the latest hour of my life, shall I forget the look which the miserable sinner gave me at that moment. His eyes were glazed, and seemed starting from their sockets with terror; his face assumed a deadly paleness—he raised his clasped hands up to me in the most imploring action, as if supplicating mercy, and with livid and quivering lips he gasped out—"Twas I who killed your brother!"

"Oh God! how I felt at that instant! Even now, after the lapse of years, I recollect the sensation: it was as if the blood were flowing back upon my heart, until I felt as if it would burst; and then, a few convulsive breathings,—and back rushed the blood again through my tingling veins. I thought I was dying; but suddenly I uttered an hysteric laugh, and fell back, senseless, in my seat.

"When I recovered, a cold sweat was pouring down my forehead, and I was weeping copiously. Never, before, did I feel my manhood annihilated under the influence of an hysterical affection—it was dreadful.

"I found the blood-stained sinner supporting me, roused from his own prostration by a sense of terror at my emotion; for when I could hear any thing, his entreaties that I would not discover upon him, were poured forth in the most abject strain of supplication. "Fear not for your miserable life," said I; "the seal of confession is upon what you have revealed to me, and so far you are safe: but leave me for the present, and come not to me again until I send for you."—He departed.

"I knelt and prayed for strength to Him who alone could give it, to fortify me in this dreadful trial. Here was the author of a brother's murder, and a mother's consequent death, discovered to me in the person of my penitent. It was a fearful position for a frail mortal to be placed in: but, as a consequence of the holy calling I professed, I hoped, through the blessing of Him whom I served, to acquire fortitude for the trial into which the ministry of his gospel had led me.

"The fortitude I needed came through prayer, and when I thought myself equal to the task, I sent for the murderer of my brother. I officiated for him, as our church has ordained—I appointed penances to him, and, in short, dealt with him merely as any other confessor might have done.

"Years thus passed away, and during that time he constantly attended his duty; and it was remarked through the country, that he had become a quieter person since Father Roach had become his confessor. But still he was not liked—and indeed, I fear he was far from a reformed man, though he did not allow his transgressions to be so glaring as they were wont to be; and I began to think that terror and cunning had been his motives in suggesting to him the course he had adopted, as the opportunities which it gave him of being often with me as his confessor, were likely to lull every suspicion of his guilt in the eyes of the world; and in making me the depository of his fearful secret, he thus placed himself beyond the power of my pursuit, and interposed the strongest barrier to my becoming the avenger of his bloody deed.

"Hitherto I have not made you acquainted with the cause of that foul act—it was jealousy. He found himself rivalled by my brother in the good graces of a beautiful girl of moderate circumstances, whom he would have wished to obtain as his wife, but to whom Frank had become an object of greater interest; and I doubt not, had my poor fellow been spared, that marriage would ultimately have drawn closer the ties that were so savagely severed. But the ambushade and the knife had done their deadly work; for the cowardly villain had lain in wait for him on the lonely bog-road he guessed he would travel on that fatal night,—and, springing

from his lurking-place, he stabbed my noble Frank in the back.

"Well, sir, I fear I am tiring you with a story which, you cannot wonder, is interesting to me; but I shall hasten to a conclusion.

"One gloomy evening in March, I was riding along the very road where my brother had met his fate, in company with his murderer. I know not what brought us together in such a place, except the hand of Providence, that sooner or later brings the murderer to justice; for I was not wont to pass the road, and loathed the company of the man who happened to overtake me upon it. I know not whether it was some secret visitation of conscience that influenced him at the time, or that he thought the lapse of years had wrought upon me so far, as to obliterate the grief for my brother's death, which had never been, till that moment, alluded to, however remotely, since he confessed his crime. Judge then my surprise, when, directing my attention to a particular point in the bog, he said,

"'Tis close by that place that your brother is buried."

"I could not, I think, have been more astonished had my brother appeared before me.

"What brother?" said I.

"Your brother Frank," said he; "'twas there I buried him, poor fellow, after I killed him."

"Merciful God!" I exclaimed, "thy will be done," and seizing the rein of the culprit's horse, I said, "Wretch that you are! you have owned to the shedding of the innocent blood, that has been crying to Heaven for vengeance these ten years, and I arrest you here as my prisoner."

"He turned ashy pale, as he faltered out a few words, to say, I had promised not to betray him.

"'Twas under the seal of confession," said I, "that you disclosed the deadly secret, and under that seal my lips must have been for ever closed; but now, even in the very place where your crime was committed, it has pleased God that you should arraign yourself in the face of the world—and the brother of your victim is appointed to be the avenger of his innocent blood."

"He was overwhelmed by the awfulness of this truth, and unresistingly he rode beside me to the adjacent town of —, where he was committed for trial.

"The report of this singular and providential discovery of a murder, excited a great deal of interest in the country; and as I was known to be the culprit's confessor, the bishop of the diocese forwarded a statement to a higher quarter, which procured for me a dispensation as regarded the confessions of the criminal; and I was handed this instrument, absolving me from further secrecy, a few

days before the trial. I was the principal evidence against the prisoner. The body of my brother had, in the interim, been found in the spot his murderer had indicated, and the bog preserved it so far from decay, as to render recognition a task of no difficulty; the proof was so satisfactorily adduced to the jury, that the murderer was found guilty and executed, ten years after he had committed the crime.

"The judge pronounced a very feeling comment on the nature of the situation in which I had been placed for so many years; and passed a very flattering eulogium upon what he was pleased to call "my heroic observance of the obligation of secrecy, by which I had been bound."

"Thus, sir, you see how sacred a trust that of a fact revealed under confession is held by our church, when even the avenging a brother's murder was not sufficient warranty for its being broken *."

We must not forget to mention the author's six etchings, which are very spiritedly and creditably done, somewhat *à la Cruikshank*. It is, doubtless, on this score, that the volume is dedicated to Sir Martin Archer Shee, the president of the Royal Academy.

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.

The Foreign Quarterly Review. No. 17.
Trenttel and Wurtz.

WE are inclined to place *The Foreign Quarterly Review* in the very highest rank of periodical literature, if not on the score of wit or literary elegance, at least on that of utility, and we much regret that there is no organ now existing similarly devoted to the fair and industrious criticism and display of the *belles-lettres* of England. Our weekly publications are entertaining and useful, it is true, in selecting and disseminating chance specimens, with sometimes hasty opinions, of new works, but the rapidity of their publication, and the temporary regard they claim or expect, renders any more laborious composition out of the question;—our monthly periodicals are too much occupied with their own stores of cleverness, to take much heed of the passing talent of the day, and their small type and small talk criticisms are more calculated to throw distaste and distrust upon the public mind, than invite it to a further consideration of the works themselves. While such is the state of our weekly and monthly periodicals, what have we in our more portly *quarterly* budgets. Truly, if we had nothing in the former case, we have worse than nothing here! The great rivals of reviewing, *The Quarterly* and *The Edinburgh*, always at daggers drawn, always in the antipodes to one another, always rioting in ex-

* "This story is a fact, and the comment of the judge upon the priest's fidelity, I am happy to say, is true."

tremes,—how can they be expected to befriend the humble pedestrians, who, *in medio*, would go safely and quietly along? And how do they pay respect to the efforts and treasures of genius, when they make use of them only as tools, wherewith to fling mud and slander at one another, and one another's "party;" or as 'scape goats, on which each to vent his spleen and malice for the other;—the one abusing what the other had praised, and *vice versa*; while the poor author shorn and disabled in every limb, skulks from the gaze of the blind-eyed public before whom he had been thus disgraced? "*Quosque tandem*"—how long shall this iniquitous system be allowed to proceed uninterrupted?—till another "*Foreign Quarterly Review*," but of *English* literature, makes its appearance.

The number just published contains several highly interesting articles, under the form of reviews, but whose well digested and ably handled materials might almost claim for them a higher literary merit,—the subjects of which are various, as will be seen from the names of a few of them:—"The Court of Louis the Fourteenth,"—"Literature and Learned Societies of Ireland,"—"Mexican Antiquities,"—"Grimm's Teutonic Legal Antiquities,"—"The Colonization of Africa,"—"The Political State of Switzerland," &c. &c.; to the first of which, being calculated to be most generally entertaining, we shall now limit our attention.

This article is introduced as a review of the lately published "*Mémoires complets et Authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence*," &c.; the history of which work is somewhat curious, being the composition and in the hand-writing of the said duke, who, dying in 1755, his family deemed his MSS. of such vast and delicate importance, that they applied for and obtained a *lettre de cachet*, by virtue of which they were deposited among the archives of the state. After the death of the principal individuals named therein, several unsuccessful applications were made for the restitution of the property, on one of which occasions an examination of the papers took place, which led to the surreptitious publication of some mutilated passages, in seven volumes, at the beginning of the revolution in 1788.

It was at length to the liberality and honesty of Louis XVIII. that we owe the final appearance of the correct work, in twenty-one volumes!—that monarch having ordered the restitution of the disputed documents to Marquis de Saint-Simon, the descendant of the author. The reviewer speaks very highly of the value of the materials and admirable composition of this publication, which "he does not hesitate to compare in value, of an historical kind, with any work, of whatever fame, which has issued from the

press since the invention of printing." He adds, however, that "without an accurate examination of it, it is difficult to understand the nature of Saint-Simon's claims to the respect of the historical inquirer," so we shall not be expected to enter very deeply into the subject. Our business is now with the reviewer, who, fresh from the perusal of our foreign friend's twenty-one volumes, gives us a very interesting sketch of Louis XIV. and the principal personages about his court, some of the chief passages of which we now proceed to extract:—

"A remarkable characteristic of the age and reign of Louis XIV. is that he was his own *premier*: the tyranny to which, in his youth, he had been subjected by Mazarin, gave him a horror of a prime minister, and he determined to be his own; this was an early resolve which never could be shaken. Out of the same source sprung his objection to a churchman in his cabinet; it was a determination to which he adhered all through his long and various reign with equal decision. He flattered himself that he should be able to govern alone—it was a grievous mistake; his reign is a satire upon despotism. He was not ruled by one, but by every body in their turns, and he who cherished the idea that his will was the predominant law, in fact exercised less will in the management of his affairs than the meanest subject of his realm."

His characteristic vanity:—

"Though a young man and a king, Louis was not altogether without experience. He had been a constant frequenter of the house of the Countess de Soissons, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the resort of all that was distinguished, both male and female, that the age could produce, and where he first caught that fine air of gallantry and nobleness which characterized him ever afterwards, and marked even his most trifling actions. For, though the talents of Louis XIV. were in fact rather below mediocrity, he possessed a power of forming his manners and character upon a model, and of adhering to it, which is often more valuable in the conduct of life than the very greatest abilities. By nature he was a lover of order and regularity; he was prudent, moderate, secret, the master both of his actions and his tongue. For these virtues, as they may be called in a king, he was perhaps indebted to his natural constitution, and if education had done as much for him, certainly he would have been a better ruler. He had a passion however, or rather a foible,—that was vanity, or as it was then called, glory. No flattery was too gross for him—incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested: the man who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for

ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence; his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them and could unmake them, and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing among his peculiar intimates snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise. And even at the public suppers, when the band played the airs to which they were set, he might be heard humming the same passages between his teeth. The generals, in this respect, were as bad as the ministers; they led him to believe that he dictated every measure, and that their best plans were formed on the hints he had thrown out. The courtiers, with such examples before them, performed their natural parts with even more than ordinary zeal. But the facility with which they administered to his vanity was not so remarkable as the ease with which he appropriated everything to himself, and the ineffable satisfaction with which he glorified himself, on every fresh offering of adulation.

"His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm, his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general: here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger, for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the back ground, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and that air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality; he had it in perfection.

"It scarcely consorts with our notion of Louis le Grand, that if he had a talent for any thing, it was for the management

of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiae of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than any body else, and they, of course, received his instructions in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who by putting him upon the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes."

A circumstance that deserves attention is the residence of this monarch at a distance from his capital. The design of this was, that concentrating all his dependants and courtiers about his person, he might establish that absolute sovereignty which was his favourite project. The etiquettes with which he shackled their movements, and the artificial distinctions and orders which he introduced amongst them, all tended towards this end:—

"Louis XIV. not only knew how to keep his courtiers alive to a sense of the distinctions he created, and watchful of his pleasure, but he had that curious faculty of personal observation which seems peculiar to royalty. Neither the absence nor the presence of any one escaped him; and not merely the persons of distinction, but even individuals of inferior note. At his rising in the morning, at his retiring at night, (his *coucher*,) at his repast, in passing to his apartments, or in his walks in the gardens of Versailles, when the courtiers alone had permission to follow him, his eyes were on the watch; he saw and remarked every body, down to persons who did not even hope to be seen. In his own mind he kept a most accurate account of these things, and distinguished between the occasional absence of constant attendants, and those of the individual who only came to court occasionally; and according to these accounts he invariably acted. When he was asked for anything for a person who never presented himself, he would say proudly—'I do not know him;' or for one who came rarely—'He is a man whom I never see;' and these sentences were final."

Another crime was that of preferring the city to the country, and showing any want of alacrity in following the court to the latter. He had a most peculiar memory, never forgetting the face of an individual, and the circumstances under

which he had seen it, even after vast lapse of years.

"One of his perpetual cares was to be well-informed of every thing that was passing every where—in places of public resort, in private houses, the facts of ordinary intercourse and the secrets of families, and of amours. He had spies and reporters every where, and of all classes; some who were ignorant that their information was meant for him,—others who knew that it ultimately reached him,—a third set who corresponded directly with him,—and a fourth were permitted to have secret interviews with him, through back stairs. Information conveyed in this form was the ruin of many a man, who never knew from what quarter the storm came. It was he who first invested the *lieutenant de police* with his dangerous functions, and which went on increasing: these officers were the most formidable persons about the court, and were treated with most decided consideration and attention by every one, even by the ministers themselves. There was not an individual, not excepting the princes of the blood, who had not an interest in preserving their good will, and who did not try to do it. The opening of letters was another of the shameful means of procuring information. Two persons, Pajoute and Roullier, farmed the post, and apparently on this condition, for no efforts could ever succeed, either in displacing them or in augmenting their rent. This department of *espionage* was performed with a most extraordinary dexterity and promptitude; generally the heads only of remarkable letters were laid before the king; in other instances the letter itself. A word of contempt for the king or his government was certain ruin; and we have Saint-Simon's testimony for saying, that it is incredible how many persons of all classes were more or less injured by these means. The secrecy with which it was conducted was impenetrable. Neither secrecy, nor yet dissimulation, was at all painful or difficult for the king.

"This last accomplishment is termed by the French a talent: he pushed it to the extreme of falsity without, however, being guilty of a verbal lie. He piqued himself on keeping his word, and gave it but rarely. He was also as careful of the secrets of others as of his own; and was flattered by certain confidences and confessions on the part of his courtiers, which neither minister nor mistress could ever afterwards wring from him.

"Louis XIV. was the model of a king who should have no state duties to perform, who was required as the head of a court and the hero of addresses, petitions, levees, openings of a parliament, reviews, occasional festivals, and in short all the lighter duties of a constitutional monarch, with one exception, his passion for build-

ings. In all personal matters he was perfect. There was a grace in all he did, a precision and an elegance in all he said, that rendered an attention from him a distinction. He knew the value of it, and may be said to have sold his words—nay, even his smile, even his looks. He spoke rarely to any one; when he did, it was with majesty, and also with brevity. His slightest notice or preference was measured, or, as it were, proportionably weighed out. No harsh word ever escaped him; if he had occasion to reprimand or reprove, it was always done with an air of kindness, never in anger, and rarely even with stiffness.

"He may be said to have been polished to the very limits of nature; no one better marked the distinctions of age, merit, and rank, all which he took care to hit exactly in his manner of salutation, or of receiving the reverences on arrival or departure. His respectful manner to woman was charming; he never passed even a chambermaid without raising his hat, though, as at Marly, he might know them to be such; and if he accosted a lady, he never replaced his hat till he had quitted her. These are what we call the manners of the old school; he was the perfecter of them, and one of their most successful professors, if not altogether their creator.

"In the interior of his domestic life he was remarkably good tempered and patient, punctual and exact in himself, and considerate for others. His own extraordinary regularity made the service of the palace proceed like clock-work; no small convenience for his courtiers, who were bound to be in particular saloons, or galleries, or cabinets, at particular moments of their master's day.

"He treated his servants and body-attendants with great consideration and favour, and in fact, like other kings, was more at his ease with them than any other society. Their influence was supposed to be great, and they were courted even by the first nobility of the land. He always protected them; so that in case they happened to be insolent, a nobleman was bound to know either how to avoid it, or to bear it. He was very particular in ascertaining with what attention they had been treated when he sent them on any message; he used to relate with complacency that he one day sent one of his footmen to the Duke de Monbazon, governor of Paris, who at the time was in one of his chateaux, and, on the arrival of the royal servant, was just sitting down to dinner. The duke made the servant sit down to dinner with him, and when he departed, accompanied him to the door, in honour of his master. This act of base servility was an offering to the idol, and greedily accepted."

After a further account of the king's public and private residences, and manners of life, we are introduced to Madame

de Maintenon, and his connexion and clandestine marriage with her;—and the influence she held over him is also explained:—

"It was the system of Madame de Maintenon and the ministers, for a series of thirty-four years, to render the king inapproachable in private. As he passed from council to mass, or, on similar occasions, in galleries and anti-chambers, the courtiers had the privilege, whoever could catch it, of speaking to him, or whispering in his peruke any matter they might have at heart; his usual answer was a gracious *je verrai*, (I will see,) and if the conversation was attempted to be continued, the king, arriving at the door of his apartment, left the unhappy courtier to his reflections. By such contrivances as these, and a thousand others, the king was cut off from free communication with the world or his court, and with all his notions of despotic sway, was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a cabal—his mistress, his ministers, and his confessor, who took care to play into each others hands. The different ministers transacted business with the king in the apartment of La Maintenon, where she sat at work, apparently taking no notice of the conversation which passed. Sometimes the king would turn round and ask her opinion, which she always gave timidly and modestly, and generally coincided with that of the minister: the fact all the time being, that the minister and she had previously settled the points in agitation. If, for instance, the matter in hand was a list of candidates for a particular employment, the minister went over the names, until he came to the one Madame de Maintenon had previously consented to, and after balancing the merits of the various competitors, at last summed up in favour of the name he had stopped at. If the king preferred another, and was obstinate, he was led away from the subject; other things were started, and the appointment was brought upon the carpet at another interview, when, in all probability, the humour had shifted. If the minister rebelled against the female sway, he was lost; but if, on the other hand, he was adroit and obedient, Madame de Maintenon took care of his reward."

Further account of Madame de Maintenon:—

"There is something so curious, both in the character and position of Madame de Maintenon, that we confess we have perhaps derived more satisfaction from Saint Simon's details respecting her, than any other portion of his admirable volumes. The picture is so minute, and yet so striking, so philosophical and entertaining, that we must dwell upon some of the traits a little longer. Madame de Maintenon, though a queen in the interior of the palace, was a private lady in public: and being of very inferior rank,

after all the honours that had been conferred upon her, her position became delicate. No one would venture upon taking precedence of her, and yet it was impossible for her to assume it. With her ordinary dexterity, and in accordance with her natural character on all such occasions, she affected the humble, the obliged, the reverential, and would even retire before persons whom in her own rank she might have led. But no,—her part was the extremely modest and retiring creature, whom God and the king had chosen to be sure to distinguish, all undeserving as she was of such high favour. Thus the ladies of the court, where distinction was the very breath of the place, had to leave in a corner, acting humility, the person who with a word could have driven the proudest from the only atmosphere in which a courtier of that time, male or female, thought it was possible to exist. She, who in public, was only accommodated with a stool by an artifice, in private enjoyed all the honours of the arm-chair—in the presence of the king, and of the ex-royal family of England; and they who know the importance attached to the *chair*, the intrigues that have been set on foot for a *stool*, and the confusion in the church about a *bench* for the cardinals, can alone understand how much is conveyed by this fact. This awkwardness might be one of the reasons of her shutting herself up: she was almost as unapproachable as the king himself; she paid rare visits but to a very few, and it was only a few familiars who could make good their way into her apartments. One good point—one honest quality Madame de Maintenon *did* possess. She never forgot or neglected the friends of her adversity. Those that were mean she raised, those that were great already she endowed with privileges that were considered the greatest boons a courtier could receive."

Our last extract:—

"The death-bed of this extraordinary man is as fine a piece of acting as any other in his life; if any thing could have gone deeper than the external surface of form and etiquette, assuredly it would have been the last agony. But Louis died as he had lived, with all the grace and decorum he loved in his brightest moments. His several addresses to his different friends and attendants, and lastly to his heir, were distinguished by that neatness and propriety for which he was famous: in fact, so studied and so perfect is the whole scene, as described in the faithful pages of Saint-Simon, that it produces the effect of a well-acted play, and may almost be said to be affecting. If the combined efforts of a nation of courtiers could ever raise a man out of humanity, it was done in the case of Louis le Grand: yet here he is, a dying god, on his bed, discovering, as the film

comes across his physical sight and at the same time drops from his intellectual vision, that his apotheosis has been a mistake. His only regret was that he had neglected the interests of his subjects. His advice to the little dauphin, not to build, not to make war, but to study the interests of his people, was as much as to say, 'take the precisely opposite course which I myself have followed.'"

We may probably return to some of the various papers in this number.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Principles of Geology; being an Attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface by Reference to Causes now in Operation. By Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Vol. 2. Murray.

MR. LYELL has produced a work of no ordinary labour and importance, and one of great interest to all who have been accustomed to devote any, the smallest, portion of their attention to the nature and construction and population of the vast globe of our habitation. Every matter of animal, vegetable, and mineral being;—in fact creation in its widest extent and variety is here considered, analysed, and illustrated with remarks at once pertinent and original. It would be impossible here to follow Mr. Lyell through all his mazy courses of wonderment and delight; the subject is too vast for any but the book itself to comprehend; we must therefore only take up one or two points on which he treats or speaks, as a specimen of our author's theme, and the able manner in which it has been handled by him. The brief span of insect life is thus illustrated:—

"If for the sake of employing, on different but rare occasions, a power of many hundred horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at great cost in the intervals when their services were not required, we should greatly admire the invention of a machine, such as the steam-engine, which was capable, at any moment, of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during periods of inaction. The same kind of admiration is strongly excited when we contemplate the powers of insect life, in the creation of which Nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, only to be detected by careful research, are ready in a few days, weeks, or months, to give birth to myriads which may repress any degree of monopoly in another species, or remove nuisances, such as dead carcasses, which might taint the air; but no sooner has the destroying commission been executed, than the gigantic power becomes dormant—each of the mighty host soon reaches the term of its transient existence, and the season arrives when the whole species passes naturally into the egg, and thence into the larva and pupa

state. In this defenceless condition it may be destroyed either by the elements, or by the augmentation of some of its numerous foes, which may prey upon it in these stages of its transformation; or it often happens that, in the following year, the season proves unfavourable to the hatching of the eggs, or the development of the pupæ.

"Thus the swarming myriads depart which may have covered the vegetation like the aphides, or darkened the air like locusts. In almost every season there are some species which in this manner put forth their strength, and then, like Milton's spirits which thronged the spacious hall, 'reduce to smallest forms their shapes immense.'

—"So thick the æry crowd

Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,

Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd

In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs."

"A few examples will illustrate the mode in which this force operates. It is well known that among the countless species of the insect creation, some feed on animal, others on vegetable matter; and, upon considering a catalogue of eight thousand British insects and arachnidæ, Mr. Kirby found that these two divisions were nearly a counterpoise to each other, the carnivorous being somewhat preponderant. There are also distinct species,—some appointed to consume living, others dead or putrid animal and vegetable substances. One female of *Musca carnaria* will give birth to twenty thousand young; and the larvæ of many flesh-flies devour so much food in twenty-four hours, and grow so quickly, as to increase their weight two hundred fold! In five days after being hatched they arrive at their full growth and size, so that there was ground, says Kirby, for the assertion of Linnæus, that three flies of *M. vomitoria* could devour a dead horse as quickly as a lion; and another Swedish naturalist remarks, that so great are the powers of propagation of a single species, even of the smallest insects, that each can commit, when required, more ravages than the elephant."

We turn now to the marine population:—

"The ocean teems with life—the class of *polyps* alone are conjectured by Lamarck to be as strong in individuals as insects. Every tropical reef is described as bristling with corals, budding with sponges, and swarming with crustacea, echini, and testacea; while almost every tide-washed rock is carpeted with fuci and studded with corallines, actiniae, and mollusca. There are innumerable forms in the seas of the warmer zones, which have scarcely begun to attract the attention of the naturalist;

and there are parasitic animals without number, three or four of which are sometimes appropriated to one genus, as to the *Balana*, for example. Even though we concede, therefore, that the geographical range of marine species is more extensive in general than that of the terrestrial, (the temperature of the sea being more uniform, and the land impeding less the migrations of the oceanic than the ocean those of the terrestrial,) yet we think it most probable that the aquatic species far exceed in number the inhabitants of the land.

"Without insisting on this point, we may safely assume, as we before stated, that, exclusive of microscopic beings, there are between one and two millions of species now inhabiting the terraqueous globe; so that if only one of these were to become extinct annually, and one new one were to be every year called into being, more than a million of years would be required to bring about a complete revolution in organic life."

From a long essay on the agency of man in extinguishing or spreading the various animal species, we take the following:—

"Let us make some inquiries into the extent of the influence which the progress of society has exerted, during the last seven or eight centuries, in altering the distribution of our indigenous British animals. Dr. Fleming has prosecuted this inquiry with his usual zeal and ability, and in a memoir on the subject has enumerated the best-authenticated examples of the decrease or extirpation of certain species during a period when our population has made the most rapid advances. We shall offer a brief outline of his results.

"The stag, as well as the fallow-deer and the roe, were formerly so abundant, that, according to Lesley, from five hundred to a thousand were sometimes slain at a hunting-match; but the native races would already have been extinguished, had they not been carefully preserved in certain forests. The otter, the marten, and the polecat, were also in sufficient numbers to be pursued for the sake of their fur; but they have now been reduced within very narrow bounds. The wild cat and fox have also been sacrificed throughout the greater part of the country, for the security of the poultry-yard or the fold. Badgers have been expelled from nearly every district which at former periods they inhabited.

"Besides these, which have been driven out from some haunts, and everywhere reduced in number, there are some which have been wholly extirpated; such as the ancient breed of indigenous horses, the wild boar and the wild oxen, of which last, however, a few remains are still preserved in the parks of some of our nobility. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after

for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century, and, by the twelfth century, was only to be met with, according to Giraldus de Barri, in one river in Wales, and another in Scotland. The wolf, once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century (1710,) though it had been extirpated in Scotland thirty years before, and in England at a much earlier period. The bear, which in Wales was regarded as a beast of the chase equal to the hare or the boar, only perished as a native of Scotland in the year 1057.

"Many native birds of prey have also been the subjects of unremitting persecution. The eagles, larger hawks, and ravens, have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, and the bittern, have been drained equally with the summer dwellings of the lapwing and the curlew. But these species still linger in some portion of the British isles; whereas the large capercaillies, or wood grouse, formerly natives of the pine forests of Ireland and Scotland, have been destroyed within the last fifty years. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants.

"The bustard, (*Otis tarda*), observes Graves, in his 'British Ornithology,' was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds; whereas it is now a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual. Bewick also remarks, 'that they were formerly more common in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open counties of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and some parts of Yorkshire.' In the few years that have elapsed since Bewick wrote, this bird has entirely disappeared from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

"These changes, we may observe, are derived from very imperfect memorials, and relate only to the larger and more conspicuous animals inhabiting a small spot on the globe; but they cannot fail to exalt our conception of the enormous revolutions which, in the course of several thousand years, the whole human species must have effected.

"The kangaroo and the emu are retreating rapidly before the progress of colonization in Australia; and it scarcely admits of doubt, that the general cultivation of that country must lead to the extirpation of both. The most striking example of the loss, even within the last two centuries, of a remarkable species, is that of the dodo—a bird first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited, immediately after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good

Hope. It was of a large size and singular form; its wings short, like those of an ostrich, and wholly incapable of sustaining its heavy body even for a short flight. In its general appearance it differed from the ostrich, cassowary, or any known bird.

"Many naturalists gave figures of the dodo after the commencement of the seventeenth century; and there is a painting of it in the British Museum, which is said to have been taken from a living individual. Beneath the painting is a leg, in a fine state of preservation, which ornithologists are agreed cannot belong to any other known bird. In the museum at Oxford, also, there is a foot and a head, in an imperfect state, but M. Cuvier doubts the identity of this species with that of which the painting is preserved in London.

"In spite of the most active search, during the last century, no information respecting the dodo was obtained, and some authors have gone so far as to pretend that it never existed; but amongst a great mass of satisfactory evidence in favour of the recent existence of this species, we may mention that an assemblage of fossil bones were recently discovered, under a bed of lava, in the Isle of France, and sent to the Paris museum by M. Desjardins. They almost all belonged to a large living species of land-tortoise, called *Testudo Indica*, but amongst them were the head, sternum, and humerus of the dodo. M. Cuvier showed me these valuable remains in Paris, and assured me that they left no doubt in his mind that the huge bird was one of the gallinaceous tribe."

This is a book in which every line presents a new fact or feature, and every page a picture; the whole forming the most sublime panorama it is possible to conceive. But it is not to be hastily surveyed;—the *coup d'œil*, though one of vast expanse and wonder, sinks to nought when compared with the mighty phenomena of its more minute details.

Random Readings.

English Beauty.—Let the ladies take the following passage as they like, and improve upon it, or upon themselves, as they will;—we say nothing!

"I admit that my countrywomen claim a decided pre-eminence in point of beauty over the rest of Europe. There is nothing in the party complexions and flattened features of Germany, comparable with those brilliant cheeks, where the full tide of feeling ebbs and flows with such varying beauty, and those prominent features which impart so intellectual a character to the face; nothing in the aerial slimmness of a Parisian outline comparable with the Grecian shoulders and fair graceful throats

of the *blondes* of England. But, alas! where Nature has done so much, Art has added little to her triumph. The handsomest Englishwoman has a cold and awkward deportment;—the most intelligent, a reserved and almost surly address? With certain exceptions, they walk ill, talk ill, dress ill; and those who attempt to counteract their national deficiencies, by an imitation of Gallic vivacity or Italian spirituality, degenerate into affectation, and a sort of mongrel indefinite character, which is the vilest of defects. Let them be content with the possession of the virtues, and leave the graces to their more accomplished neighbours of the Continent; they have that within which enables them to dispense with extrinsic fascination. Lord Brabazon, who borrows most of his similes from the table, observed yesterday, in speaking of English beauty, that 'it was like the English *cuisine*;—the *raw* material (horrid pun!—Ed.) superior to that of all other nations, but utterly ruined by the manner of dressing."—*The Opera*.

The Escorial and its Relicary.—"The Escorial," says Mr. Inglis, "was erected by that renowned monarch, Philip II.—renowned for his vices, his bigotry, and his ambition. The building was begun in 1563, and finished in 1584; there is no town or city nearer to it than Madrid, thirty-four miles distant; and its colossal magnitude has helped to earn for it the reputation of being the ninth wonder of the world." But it is its relicary which at present particularly attracts our attention:—"In this relicary, there were five hundred and fifteen vases before the invasion of the French; but their number is now reduced to four hundred and twenty-two. These vases are of gold, silver, bronze gilded, and valuable wood; many of them thickly studded with precious stones: and upwards of eighty of the richest of these vases still remain. But the French, more covetous of the gold and silver than of the relics, made sad confusion of the latter; for not caring to burden themselves with bones, and wood, and dirty garments, they emptied the little gold and silver vases upon the floor,—irreligiously mingling in one heap, relics of entirely different value. The labels indicating the relics having been upon the vases, the bones, &c. were without any distinguishing mark; so that it was impossible to discriminate between an arm of St. Anthony and the arm of St. Teresa,—or to know a bit of the true cross from a piece of only a martyr's cross,—or a garment of the Virgin Sin Pecada from one of only the Virgin of Rosalio: and as for the smaller relics,—parings of nails, hair, &c. many were irrecoverably lost. But with all this confusion, and all these losses, the Escorial is still rich

in relics.—"Several pieces of the true cross yet remain; a bit of the rope that bound Christ; two thorns of the crown; a piece of the sponge that was dipped in vinegar; parts of His garments, and a fragment of the manger in which he was laid. Making every allowance for bigotry and excess of ill-directed faith, I cannot comprehend the feeling that attaches holiness to some of these relics: it is impossible to understand what kind of sacredness that is, which belongs to articles that have been the instruments of insult to the Divine Being. Besides these relics of our Saviour, there are several parts of the garments of the Virgin; there are ten entire skeletons of saints and martyrs; the body of one of the innocents, massacred by command of Herod; and upwards of a hundred heads of saints, martyrs, and holy men; besides numerous other bones still distinguishable.

"But the peculiar glory of the Escorial, and its most wondrous relic, is the Santa Forma, as it is called; in reality, 'the wafer,' in which the Deity has been pleased to manifest himself in three streaks of blood; thus proving the doctrine of transubstantiation. This relic has been deemed worthy of a chapel and an altar to itself. These are of extraordinary beauty and richness; and adorned with the choicest workmanship: jaspers, marble, and silver, are the materials; and *bas reliefs*, in white marble, relate the history of the Santa Forma; which is shortly this. It was originally in the cathedral church of Gorcum, in Holland, and certain heretics (Zuinglianos) entering the church, took this consecrated host, threw it on the ground, trod upon it, and cracked it in three places. God, to show his divine displeasure, and at the same time, as a consolation to the Christians, manifested himself in three streaks of blood, which appeared at each of the cracks. One of the heretics, struck with the miracle, and repenting of his crime, lifted the Santa Forma from the ground, and deposited it, along with a record of the miracle, in a neighbouring convent of Franciscans, who kept and venerated it long; the delinquent, who abjured his heresy, and who had taken the habit, being one of their number. From this convent it was translated to Vienna, and then to Prague; and there its peregrinations terminated: for Philip II. being a better Catholic than the Emperor Rodolph, prevailed upon the latter to part with it, and deposited it in the Escorial, where it has ever since remained. It had a narrow escape from being again trodden upon, during the French invasion: upon the approach of the enemy, it was hastily snatched from the sacred depositary, and unthinkingly hid in a wiae butt, where it is said to have acquired some new, and less miraculous stains: and after the departure of the French, a solemn festival

was proclaimed on the 14th of October, 1814; upon which occasion, his present majesty, assisted by all his court, and by half the friars of Castile, rescued the Santa Forma from its inglorious concealment, and deposited it again in the chapel which the piety of Charles II. had erected for it. The Santa Forma is not shown to heretics; but its history is related: and it was evident, by the manner of the friar who related it to me, that he placed implicit belief in the miraculous stains."—*Spain in 1830*.

Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay.—During several months in the year he takes up his residence in the cavalry barracks, varying occasionally his monotonous existence with the pleasures of the chase. Arms are always placed within his reach—pistols and naked swords are to be seen in every corner of his apartment. When any one is admitted to an audience, he must not approach within a certain distance until motioned by him to advance. The arms must then be extended along the body, and the hands open and hanging down. None of his officers must enter his presence armed. Reugger mentions, that, in his first audience, being ignorant of this custom, he omitted carrying his arms in the prescribed form, which drew from the dictator the question, "If he intended drawing a dagger from his pocket?" On another occasion he asked him, "If through his skill in anatomy he could discover if the people of Paraguay had an extra bone in the neck, which prevented them holding their heads erect and speaking loud?" In conversation the dictator always aims at intimidation; if, however, his first attack is sustained with firmness, his manner insensibly softens, and he converses with the greatest affability. It is on these occasions that his great talents develop themselves; his mind grasps with facility every variety of topic, and displays an extent of knowledge very astonishing for one who has never moved beyond the confines of Paraguay. Above the prejudices of his countrymen, he frequently makes them a subject of pleasantry, and launches furious diatribes against the priests. "You see," said he to M. Reugger, "the tendency of these priests and their religion; it is to make mankind worship a devil instead of God." Still, at the commencement of his career, he regularly heard mass, but in the year 1820, he dismissed his chaplain, and since that year he has evinced the most marked contempt for the established religion. To a military officer, who asked him for the image of a saint to put in a newly constructed fortress, he answered, "O, people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic I thought as you do; but now I know that the best saints you can have on the frontiers are cannon balls."—*Monthly Magazine*.

Blackwood's Magazine has become a wholesale dealer in horrors, and with much bad taste. The stories in the "Diary of a Physician," though generally bearing a powerful moral, and evincing much thought and sound reasoning, had very often nothing but the terror of their details to recommend them to a secondary class of readers. Since these have been discontinued there has scarcely appeared a number without some tale of blood or crime: that just published, in the number for the present month, being most invitingly styled "The Executioner," opens thus:—

"Yes, I—I am an executioner—a common hangman!—These fingers, that look, as I hold them before mine eyes, as a part and parcel of humanity, have fitted the noose and strained the chord to drive forth the soul from its human mansion, and to kill the life that was within it! Oh, horror of horrors! I have stood on the public scaffold, amid the execrations of thousands, more hated than the criminal that was to die by me—more odious than the offender that tottered thither in expiation, with life half fled already; and I have heard a host of human voices join in summoning Heaven's malediction on me and my disgusting office. Well, well I deserved it; and as I listened to the piercing cry, my conscience whispered in still more penetrating accents, 'Thou guilty Ambrose, did they but know all thy meed of wickedness, they would be silent—silent in mere despair of inventing curses deep enough to answer to the depth of thy offence.' 'What is it that prompts me to tell the history of my transgressions? why sit I in my solitude, thinking and thinking till thought is madness, and trembling as I gaze on the white and unsoiled paper that is destined shortly to be so foully blotted with the annals of my crime and my misery? Alas, I know not why!'—Nor we neither!

Elliston and the Ass's Head.—We find the following pleasant piece of theatrical diplomacy in the current number of *The Monthly Magazine*:—

"Elliston was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-lane; but, like the conqueror of Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was born to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When, the season before last, 'no effects' was written over the treasury-door of Covent Garden Theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services gratis, in aid of the then humble, but now arrogant

and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T. P. Cooke—(it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of admiral of the blue.) The Covent Garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true play-bill style, 'most generously volunteered his services for six nights!' Cooke was advertised for *William*; Elliston having 'most generously lent [N. B. this was not put in the bill,] his musical score of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred and fifty courts martial at the Surrey Theatre!' Cooke—the score—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent Garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coats, one thousand pounds at half-price on the first six nights of their exhibition. This is a fact; nay, we lately heard it stated, that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him, each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery-maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine 'creature' Shakspeare, announced, on the anniversary of the poet's birth-day, a representation of the Stratford Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, every thing was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important 'property!' *Bottom* must be a 'feature' in the procession, and there was no ass's head! It would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, he could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. 'Ben!' exclaimed Elliston, 'take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follow!' Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager's most trusty secretary) sat, 'all ear,' and Elliston, with finger on nether lip, proceeded:—

"My dear Charles,—I am about to represent, "with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations," the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of the Surrey Theatre. However, in the hurry of "getting up," we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants

a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world, (except the property-man of Covent-garden,) can you lend me an ass's head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

"Your's ever truly,

"R. W. ELLISTON."

"P. S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Susan* score, and coats. You were most welcome to them."

"The letter was despatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer:—

"My dear Robert,—It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent Garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the "dresses, scenery, and decorations," in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me, (indeed he always does,) that I cannot lend you an ass's head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us. Believe me, ever your's,

"CHARLES KEMBLE."

"P. S. When I next see you advertised for *Rover*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it."

"Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition, and the following was the result of his labours:—

"Dear Charles,—I regret the situation of Covent Garden Theatre—I also, for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the "property" in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of its own judgment, it would be enabled to spare asses' heads, not to the Surrey alone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

"Your's ever truly,

"R. W. ELLISTON."

"P. S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the captains' coats. However, I have ordered their places to be instantaneously filled by others."

"We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey music and coats to Covent Garden, with the refusal of Covent Garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is "true as holy writ."

I. O. N.
POEM—continued.

PHYSICIANS.

Physicians by administration,
Restore health by corroboration;
And sometimes by ————
Relieve at others by laxation,
Scarce ever fail by perspiration.
They can procure us transpiration,
Remove or allay trepidation,
Can sometimes cause sanguification,
And by a certain indication,
Prevent a future radication,
And thus procure rednigration,
Which is a kind of suscitation.
They also cure a palpitation,
Which they can judge of by pulsation,
Well known by its acceleration.
They understand a vellication,
And how to cure vermiculation,
Also prevent a suffocation,
Which they perform by respiration;
In fine, they dread an inflammation,
Because it forebodes inhumation.

APOTHECARIES.

Next falls in my gesticulation,
Apothecaries' inceration,
Who oft make use of levigation,
Frequently too of insuccation,
Skill'd to a man in alligation,
They by well order'd complication,
(By others call'd concatenation,)
Do oft produce assimulation,
Not much unlike configuration.
They cheat us by edulceration,
That we may relish the potation,
And by a nice elaboration,
Perfect a curious glomeration.
They sometimes by estimation,
A plainer term for stimulation,
Encourage our vociferation.
They truly comprehend libration,
Often make use of lamination,
Then by a proper insolation,
Proceed to their modification,
Their med'cines can allay nictation,
Sometimes prevent noctambulation,
An act perform'd in obscuration,
By others term'd obtenebration.
Scarce distinct from obnubilation,
And this a kind of obumbration.
They can produce transfiguration,
Make trial by supernatation,
Ought to avoid sophistication,
Lest they should hinder pabulation.

SURGEONS.

The next that claim our observation,
Are barb'rous surgeons' castigation,
Who have their exarticulation,
And [rot'em] too, excoriation,
Attended with scarrification,
Which proves severe excruciation,
And brings us near to expiration.
They cut up an imposthumation,
Are cruel in their perforation,
Nor pity they a dislocation.
Fearless they made a dilatation,
Ne'er mov'd at a dilaceration.
Remorseless act delaceration.
Although it forces lachrymation.
They help us sometimes by lavation,
Giving us ease by suppuration,
Oft times they cure by expurgation,
Not seldom by extermination.

Wounds they close up by incarnation,
Easing us often by frication,
And sometimes too by glutination,
At others by a new found fashion,
Intirely of their own formation.
They value much their fomentation,
But their chief topic's circulation,
Without which follows a stagnation.
They help our spouses by lactation,
Which always follows oppilation.
They're sometimes forc'd to amputation,
Preceded always by ligation.
Are puzzled oft by ambulation,
But much more by emaceration.
All mankind dread their laceration,
And shake with horror at ————!
Which brings intire emasculation,
Another term for eviration.
They're perfect in articulation,
And great proficient in ablation.
The use they show of manducation,
Tis much the same as mastication.
They've known remedies for ructation,
Another name for eructation.
They can relieve delachrymation,
And know the time of delactation,
So also of eventilation.
And know the cause of sternutation,
Cure sometimes by suffumigation,
And also by superpurgation.
Sometimes they talk of oscitation,
And oft deride superfætation,
Boast their great skill at ulceration,
But most extoll their salivation,
Useless wer't not for titillation.
Let them pursue lubrication,
With what's prepar'd by maceration,
Or much the same modification,
So they impart melioration.

To be continued.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS exhibition opened for a private view on Monday, and for public inspection on Wednesday; we have paid one hasty visit to these rooms which present a very respectable and gay appearance, the pictures being in general of pretty even merit, none being individually very prominent in excellence or the contrary. In the slight notice which we now proceed to give of some of these performances, we must not be supposed to have taken much trouble in selecting those most worthy of attention; we noted down whatever first struck our eye, reserving our more detailed remarks for a week's digestion.

1. *Portsmouth, from the King's Bastion.* Painted by command of his Majesty. C. Stanfield. This artist can, and must, do better things than this, if he would be admired in the drawing-room and study as well as on the stage. The sea is rough and green enough, and the boat prominent and highly coloured, but where is Portsmouth? Perhaps, like the Spanish fleet, in *The Critic*, not yet come in sight?

5. *A Falconer.* Alex. Fraser. A very pretty little morceau, delicately finished.

50. *Morton leaping the Chasm from Bal-*

four of Burley, (Old Mortality.) J. Ramsay. A little picture, representing a silly little man most awkwardly suspended in the air.

53. *A Girl looking from a Window.* F. Y. Hurlstone. A clever chubby head, with a cocked nose, and the hand shading the eyes. There should have been more appearance of sunshine, however, and the stone work around is too sombre.

60. *A bit of Courtship.* J. P. Knight. A miserable affair, perfectly in keeping with the melancholy occasion it represents. The loving couple are most villanously daubed,—no wonder then they grin so doubtfully upon one another!

144. *Gil Blas and Aurora de Guzman.* —M. A. Shee, junior. Another worthless production. Was ever such a stupid Gil Blas,—such an awkward Donna Aurora, with such a clumsy hand and capacious reticule? The word "sold," in the corner of this picture, is decidedly the most encouraging feature it presents.

187. *A Spanish Gentleman (reading.)* —H. Liverseege. A very creditable performance;—there is much dignity and expression about the figure and countenance.

201. *Morning.* H. Howard. A wild fanciful subject, illustrative of the well-known lines in the fourth book of Milton's "Paradise Regained." The composition is ingenious and graceful, and the whole effect pleasing.

269. *Return from a Masked Ball.* T. Clater. The most prominent features in this picture are a fur cloak, supposed to hang upon a lady's back, and a tea tray borne by a foot-boy. The artist has displayed a genius and taste worthy of his subject.

386. *Hunt the Slipper.* A. E. Chalon. A gaudy, graceless, and unmeaning affair; the figures large and uncouth, and the whole composition if carried to a larger extent, worthy of a paper hanging.

396. *Malmaison.* A. Morton. A poor attempt to caricature the late Emperor of the French.

404. *Sir Calpine Rescuing Serena.* J. Pickering. A very fine composition from Spenser's "Fairie Queen,"—the execution worthy of the subject, who, by the by, is being saved from immolation.

486. *Joseph Presenting his Father and Brethren to Pharaoh.* J. M. Leigh. A subject with great capabilities for effect of colouring and composition, which have not been neglected by the artist. This is a very superior performance.

487. *A Domestic Affliction.* W. E. West. Sad indeed!

502. *Amusement.* H. P. Bone. A neatly coloured picture, representing a little girl seated in an arm chair and drawing, we hope better than our artist, for her head and shoulders, making all due allowance for bishop's sleeves and friséed hair, are sadly out of proportion.

Music.

KING'S THEATRE.

ALL our readers know that the Italian Opera opened for the season on Saturday last, and we need not add, that the event was highly encouraging; for all the papers and critics unite in asserting it to have been the most triumphant "opening night" within the "memory of man." Everything was new, before and behind the curtain, (except, by the bye, the coverings of the alternate benches in the pit, whose shabby-genteel vestments were left to contrast with the shining garments of their more favoured neighbours.) The opera was new,—the singers new,—the dancers new,—the scenery, the dresses, the properties, all made their "first appearance;"—a bold measure, truly, for any manager to set out with, and one which, in the present case, was fortunately successful. The three new singers were,—Madame de Meric, a soprano of considerable compass, and great sweetness of voice and intonation; not perhaps naturally very powerful, but managed with perfect skill, and great purity of taste; her figure is *petite*, her countenance intelligent and expressive, and her acting by no means deficient in energy and effect;—Signor Winter, a tenor, like the former, with perhaps no great natural strength of voice, but whose education and taste have cultivated it into one full of impassioned feeling and correct tone,—he dispenses in great measure with *roulades* and unmeaning mannerisms, and pleases by the simplicity and earnestness of his delivery; his acting is by no means bad;—Mariani is the bass, and only that the bass is never the favourite, we should have expected his reception to have been the most triumphant one of the evening;—his voice is naturally powerful and smooth, to a surprising degree, and his taste in its management is worthy of such natural qualifications. The energy in his delivery and action cannot fail of being greatly admired.

The opera chosen, *L'Esule di Roma*, is one of Donizetti's, a young composer of quickness and parts, but exhibiting no great originality or depth of genius. The story is that of *Settimio*, a returned exile, whose presence causes much perplexity to his wife and his wife's father, (the previous cause of his banishment,) and who, after marching off to be devoured by a caged lion, returns in triumph because the noble beast scorns to eat the man who had formerly used his skill in extracting a thorn from his beastship's paw. The music is of a character which we do not think judiciously selected for the debut of so many performers, running generally in concerted pieces, and being deficient in what, in an English opera, we should call songs,—the very best medium for *ad libitum* singing, and the display of taste and voice. There

are several highly-beautiful compositions in the course of this performance, however, which were admirably given;—a duet in the first act between Winter and Madame de Meric is a charming morceau, and the concluding trio is full of beautiful effects. Again, in the second act, the duet between Mariani and De Meric is a fine composition,—the prison soliloquy by Winter full of pathos, and the solo in the last scene by Madame De Meric a characteristic and florid piece, beautifully given.

But we must here break off, and leave many things unsaid about the excellence of the scenery,—the correct and respectable appearance of the costume,—the admirable orchestra,—the well-trained choruses,—the procession in the first act, which "went off," as it came on, in triumph,—and, last, not least, the new ballet—*Une Heure à Naples*, an agreeable collection of pretty figure dances, and *pas de deux*, and *trois*, with a little plot, or "action," which had better be curtailed and filled up with more dancing, which pleases us much better. We can only particularize the graceful and easy movements of Madame Lecomte, and the dignified deportment of Albert; the others are "too numerous to mention." From last to first, we must say a word of the overture to the opera, which is an elegant and pleasing composition, particularly in the early movements;—the latter part is more noisy, and was spoiled by being played too slow.

We understand that the performance of Tuesday next will be Rossini's *Otello*, when La Contessa Lazise will make her "first appearance on any stage," being the first time such an event will have occurred on the boards of our King's Theatre.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—William Tell; Harlequin and Little Thumb.

Saturday.—The Rent Day; the Quaker; Masaniello.

Monday.—Hamlet; the Pantomime.

Tuesday.—The Rent Day; La Femme Sentinelle; the Bride of Ludgate.

Wednesday.—The Exile; the Diorama; the Brigand.

Thursday.—The Rent Day; Ballet; Masaniello.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Haunted Tower; Hop o' my Thumb.

Saturday.—Catherine of Cleves; the Wedding Day; the Pantomime.

Monday.—Catherine of Cleves; Teddy the Tiler; the Pantomime.

Tuesday.—The Haunted Tower; the Pantomime.

Wednesday.—The Provoked Husband; the Pantomime.

Thursday.—The Haunted Tower; the Pantomime.

STORACE's wild and romantic opera of *the Haunted Tower*, has been produced at Covent Garden with a most effective cast, including Miss Inverarity, Miss Shirreff, and Miss Cawse, a trio of female excel-

lence which could not be matched on any other English stage; in company with Braham, G. Penson, and Morley, all of whom contrive to render it a very endurable performance. The pantomime has outrun that of the rival house, which nevertheless announces the inspiring attraction of "a complete overflow" on the daily bills, with the accompaniment obligatory of some half dozen closely printed lines of puff. Dibdin's musical farce of *the Quaker*, has been revived at Drury Lane, but was scarcely tolerated, albeit in the harmonious keeping of H. Phillips, and Miss Pearson. These generalizing caricatures of respectable bodies of society are, we are happy to see, growing stale and out of fashion. *La Femme Sentinelle*, is the name of a new ballet at Drury Lane, in which of course there is a female military disguise, and some pretty dancing. Many novelties are announced at both houses.

MINORS.

SADLER'S WELLS—has this week been the most active of the Minors in the production of novelty, both the pieces performed being new. The first, with the catching title of *Lord Byron in Athens* is a dramatic version of "The Corsair," with the addition of a character not in the poem,—to wit, the noble author himself. He does not, however, take the place of *Conrad*, and flourish as a real flesh-and-blood pirate, but is a mere excrescence on the scene, most impertinently intruding into 'private families' for the purpose of creating a sensation. All this is, of course, vastly absurd and unmeaning, but it answered its purpose pretty well, and the piece, which into the bargain had plenty of 'drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and hunder,' and a terrific-looking hero in the person of Mr. Campbell, may be considered successful. The other new piece is a translation of one of those dramas of 'intense interest' which the French playwrights have so happy a knack of throwing off. It has been put into shape for the Wells by the manager, Mr. Williams, and takes the name of *Midnight, or the Discovery*,—the plot being made to hinge upon a most unexpected 'Discovery' at the critical hour of 'Midnight,' so managed as to have great stage-effect. Although rather too long, its 'mysterious' merits, and the tom-foolery of its translator, in a comic part, (for the galleries,) gained it a hearing and a favourable reception. Miss Helme's singing, also, contributed highly to this desirable end.

SURREY.—Mr. Osbaldiston has brought out, after an unusual quantity of puffing, a version of Mr. Bulwer's new novel.—The story certainly has capabilities; but there is nothing about the acting or getting-up that gives promise of a very long or glorious career. Mr. Mcnerieff is the adaptor, and has performed his task with spirit; but as a drama the piece is sadly

deficient in 'action.' A long discussion about a point of metaphysics will not exactly suit the taste of a Surrey audience. The principal parts are supported by Mrs. West, Miss Vincent, Mr. Elton, and Mr. Cobham.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.—Rayner has not been inactive in his little domain. He performs himself in a new burletta, *The Soldier's Stratagem*, a pleasant bagatelle enough, but which lacks the presence of Waylett in the cast. This lady's present character is *Elizabeth in Who Rules?* (alias *Roxolana in The Sultan*.) She acts delightfully, and sings a new song, "My Jamie is far o'er the Sea," with admirable sweetness and effect. This new concern seems abundantly prosperous hitherto, in spite of its major rivals. Novelty is the order of the day, and Mr. Bernard has a new burletta, *Woman's Worth*, on the eve of appearing.

COBURG.—Miss Smithson is the heroine of the Coburg, where she is going through a round of first-rate characters with great success. We question, however, whether she will ever excite so great a sensation here as in the metropolis of our lively neighbours beyond the seas. *The Man in the Iron Mask* is also another attraction—it is of course from the French, and presents many opportunities for a display of effect. The mystery is well kept up, but solved at last, the author adopting the opinion that "The Iron Mask" was in reality the twin-brother of Louis XIV.

The **ADELPHI** and **OLYMPIC** continue their old performances, with unvarying success, and present no points for remark.

Miscellanea.

Curious Snuff Box.—Some years ago, in repairing the venerable cathedral of Glasgow, which has been standing for more than seven hundred years, one of the largest timbers of the roof was removed, and from a piece of it an ingenious Scotchman made a snuff box, and sent it as a present to his friend in America. On the lid of the box is the following curious inscription:—

"Respect me for what I have been. The time was when I was a young and hopeful plant of nature. In the course years I became tall, and the birds of the air were happy under my shadow, and returned me the sweetest notes for the protection I afforded them. By the hand of man I was cut down, and stript of nature's robes, and became an arch in the Cathedral of Glasgow, and for upwards of seven hundred years have been a cover to the teachers in that sanctuary. I also screened alike the saint and the sinner from the stormy blast; but now I am an outcast from the house of God, and have become a gazing-stock in the hands of man, and a part of my remains have

been converted into this SNUFF BOX."—*New York Observer.*

Specimen from Signor Sorelli's Translation of Paradise Lost; shortly to be published.

"He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates, Warriors, the flow'r of Heaven, once yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place After the toil of battle to repose Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n? Or in this abject posture have ye sworn To adore the conqueror? who now beholds Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood, With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon His swift pursuers from heaven gates discern Th' advantage, and descending tread us down

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf. Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n."

Which Signor Sorelli thus elegantly renders into Italian:—

"Ei li chiamò: fù la sua voce un tuono!

Tal che d'inferno gli angoli più neri, Ripetendola, tutti rimbombò.

O potentati! O principi! O guerrieri!

Voi, già del cielo empireo l'Ornamento!....

Del cielo ora perduto, se ingombrare

Può tanto abbattimento eterei spirti!

Stimate or voi coteste esser d'olimpò

Forse le valli, ove del sonno in braccio,

Da' travagli posar della battaglia?....

Ed è cotesto, o spirito, un riposo?

Ovver nella postura in che vi state

Giurato avete abbiecti d'adorare

Il vincitor, che or mira i serafini

In mar di fuoco, i chérubi, le insegne

E l'armi sparse avvolgersi?—S'aspetta

Forse da noi che i suoi ministri alati

Dalle porte del ciel (scorto il vantaggio)

Piombin' ratti e ci schiaccino assopiti,

O' giù di questo golfo insin' al centro

C'incatenin' da fulmini trafitti?

Non più si dorma, o spirti! sorgete!

Ratto!—o' per sempre stàtevi caduti!"

Old Style and New Style.—The old works, which contain the condensed wisdom and luminous research of ages, are neglected, and new productions incessantly brought forward to satisfy the craving of a vitiated taste. The poetry of Milton and Thomson, of Pope and Dryden, is almost unknown to the rising generation; and in its stead the splendid extravagance of Byron, or the bewitching license of Moore, is insinuated into every breast. The great historians of former times, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, lie neglected on the shelves of the booksellers, while the ephemeral trash of modern novels, or the cursory sketches of galloping travellers, occupy the leisure of a voracious public. The sorrows of Clementina are forgotten—and the genius of Richardson has yielded to the changing phantasmagoria of dissipated life, or the exclusive circles of aristocratic pride. No great works intended to be durable, destined to be immortal, are composed; but

every thing is adapted to the fleeting taste of a capricious generation. Even Sir Walter Scott himself, the rival of Shakespeare, whose gigantic mind soars above all surrounding talent, has contributed, by his prolific ability, to deprave the public taste. New novels of heart-stirring interests are now looked for as regularly as rolls for the breakfast table: and while his numerous imitators have failed in rivalling his transcendent genius, they have too faithfully kept up the appetite for novelty which his unrivalled powers created in the public mind.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

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Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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